

Feb. 19 1723 P. 8

BUTTON, and BUTTON-HOLE:

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WITH A

*very silly & particular*

CHARACTER

OF THE

D R A B S.

AND THE

Change of OLD-HAT.

In Three Familiar EPISTLES in Verse.

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*Qui capit, ille facit*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Pauls. MDCCXXIII.



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DRESS.



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In Three Familiar Episodes in Verse.

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Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's Church, MIDDLESEX.





# DRAB.

**OUR** old Friend, as I've heard, is now pretty hoddý;  
 But has had, of late, an ill Habit of Body;  
 And as Times have been, lately (all very well know't)  
 Few, or none, wou'd have car'd to have been in his  
 Coat.

Tho' of **hale** Constitution, and Hearty, and Bluff,  
 His Clothes (worfe for wearing) look'd rusty, and rough:  
 His Habit was crazy (which had been habitual)  
 And grown as old fashion'd, as Red-Letter'd-Ritual;  
 Which wanting reforming, he made a Protestment,  
 Not to **vamp** up the old, but have a new Vestment.  
 To be Turn-Coat's a Thing he abhors, and has hated,  
 Nor will be a Trimmer, or he had been ragged.

But



But from Head to Toe, now compleatly he's dress'd,  
 With new Wig, 'stead of Helmet, new Hat for a Crest;  
 New clad in Coat-Armour, far better than Mail,  
 Of which I shall give you a perfect Detail.

He's equip'd in a Coat all spick and span new,  
 But not *Babylon* red, nor *Protestant* blues.

Not *Ironfides*, arm'd Cap-a-pee (as they say)

Look'd fiercer than he clad in good Iron-grey;  
 Under which he's adorn'd with a former black Waistcoat,  
 (The same that he us'd to wear under his last Coat)

The same may be said likewise, of his Breeches,  
 Well furnish'd with what is enough (and that's Riches)

Deck'd thus in Apparel, so nice, and so brave,  
 So spruce, and so modest, so gay, and so grave,

Array'd in this Manner, he (as you'll believe)  
 Is jocund, and brisk, and can laugh in his Sleeve.

'Tis a suitable Suit, without any Flaw.

And is better, by half, than a Suit is at Law.

He's bright, as a Bridegroom ready, just for his Bride;

Tho' on the first Day, he'd a Stich in his Side,

But that was a Fault, I must say, without jesting,

Of the Taylor who pull'd not out Threads, they call basting.

'Tis smooth in the handling, will not shrink, does not flab,

And, by what I can find, he's much pleas'd with his Drab.

But, to canvass it further, I am now at a Loss;

Nay, at present, it wants no Manner of Gloss,

But

And



And may, after long Usage, or any Mishap,  
 Be, again, well refresh'd by taking a Nap;  
 But I fancy, at present, 'twould not fit so loose  
 As it does, in the Belly, if 'twas press'd with a Goose.



*Upon another DRAB.*



O U have, my Dear Coz (as now 'tis the Fashion)

Got a clever new Drab (thus I have a Relation)

Genteel, as I'm told, as ever did Man see,

And it needs must be so, that's the Choice of your Fancy.

The Description, I've heard, is 'tis none of the State,

But the smoothest, and softest, and best of your Drabs;

That it has been well work'd, and will hold you tight Service,

(*Sic magna solebam componere parvis.*)

As you love t'have enough on't, it was your Regard

To have it well measur'd, before, by the Yard,

And, liking it well, I don't think you're to blame

To stand hard for as much as you cou'd of *that same*.

The *Commodity* thus being good, in *it's* Kind,

The well wearing, when wrap'd in it warm, you may find,

When a Drab's so near to you, you're happy enough,

One wou'd think you cou'd wear it, even next to your Buff.



It looks more like a Drab by being unshorn, and may  
 Shewing every Proportion, and appearing bare-fac'd  
 As it has a good CUT (I wish I had a feeler)  
 It will suit you the better, by being compleat

As to this Drab of yours, I've heard some Thing more,

It is not over wide, and too gaping before  
 Well shaped, as you like, and full chested,

And (like you) fits clean, easy, free, open-breasted;

And (what I am glad of the most at my Heart)

Fits well in the Middle (for that's the chief Part)

As 'tis known a Fore-Body good fitting requires,

You've enough (and enough's all that Reason desires)

And a Drab, I must tell you, more wetting endures,

When allow'd a full Length, as you have done yours.

I remember you chose, when you first knew the Town,

What was red within Side, and without a dark brown;

This, I'm told, is the like (you still love the Completion)

And now you're got into't with great Satisfaction.

When the Hole is too open, too large, or too slack,

The Button is apt (as I'm told) to slip back;

And a Button too large to widens the Slits,

That it tears, and abuses, nay some Times it splits;

But here Button, it seems, and Button-Hole fits.

But when, to the Hole, you the Button advance,

(And the Thing goes in easier, being form'd as a Glans)

Yet



Yet tho' Finger with Thumb be ne re fo good Guider,

That, th'ofner thrust in makes t other the wider.

Thus hugg'd by your Drab, fo snug, and fo warm,

Without hurt in the Rains, you're fecure from a Storm;

And shou'd you, with Hunter, go a spotting in *Bulby*,

The Thickets, and Fuz wou'd not hurt when they push you:

Befides, when you ride (your *Frantum* kept tight)

You've a Rug on your Back — and you're in the right.



## OLD-HAT



N Friday last, as we were at Dinner,

(I cannot be positive, as I'm a Sinner,

Whether you wou'd be Loofer, or I shou'd be Winner)

My Hat was exchang'd (perhaps for a better)

Which gives me Occasion of writing this Letter.

When Dinner came in, Grace was to be said,

We all pull'd of our Hats (Hand over Head)

First *Somerset* Herald unveiling his Crest,

I streight did the same, and so did the rest.

We hung up our Head-Pieces all, on the Pins,

And fell to Jaw-working, and jogging our Chins;

You



You came in, to us, an agreeable Guest  
 Tho' 'twas, what we call, latter End of the Feast.  
 And, when we had taken a little Repast,  
 You went away first, I went away last:  
 The Hat which you took, to cover your Periwig,  
 Is that which I formerly had for my very Wig;  
 For that which you left, to cover my Block-  
 Head, is stiffer, by much, than mine in the Cock.  
 But (as to the Matter) what ever comes on it,  
 I'll send you your Hat, if you'll send me my Bonnet.  
 This Mistake had not happen'd, betwixt you and me,  
 Had we all sat cover'd, or arm'd *Cap-a-pee*.  
 But Justice to you in this Case, must be dealt,  
 You saw not your Hat, and so mine was FELT.  
 However, to give each *Chapeau* its Due,  
 Yours was a Bever, and so was mine too;  
 But it matters not much had they been This, or That;  
 Or if we had (each of us) a Bit of OLD-HAT,  
 So term'd, as I find (by some Authors I've read in)  
 As having a HOLE, *which you may put your Head in*:  
 And by seeing, or feeling you'll find, soon enough,  
 That, in what's call'd OLD-HAT, the Cony-Wooll's rough,  
 And then's the Time not to sit still on your Crupp, Sir,  
 'Twill then bear a *Brush*, and wants to be *brush'd up* Sir.

F I N I S.



